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SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN

Richard Cœur de Lion.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

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OF THE

HISTORICAL ROMANCE

OF

Richard Cœur de Lion.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MONSR. SEDAINE.

The WHOLE of the MUSIC by Monsieur GRETRY.

AS IT IS NOW PERFORMING AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

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M,DCC,LXXXVII.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Richard, - -	Mr. KEMBLE.
Blondel, - -	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Floreſtan, - -	Mr. WILLIAMS.
Sir Owen, -	Mr. BANNISTER.
The Seneſchal, -	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Antonio, - -	Miſs ROMANZINI.
Guillot, - -	Mr. SUETT.
Old Mathew, - -	Mr. FAWCETT.
William, (ſervant to Sir Owen,) - -	Mr. SPENCER.
A Pilgrim, (the friend of Blondel)	Mr. CHAPLIN.

Soldiers, Peaſants, &c.

Matilda, - -	Mrs. JORDAN.
Laurette, - -	Mrs. CROUCH.
Dorcas, - -	Mrs. LOVE.
Julie, - -	Miſs DE CAMP.
Collette, - -	Miſs CRANFORD.

SONGS, &c.

IN

Richard Cœur de Lion.

ACT I.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

COME ſing, come dance,
To-morrow is the day;
Come ſing, come dance,
Old Mathew's wedding day.
Yes, to-morrow you know,
To his houſe we ſhall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, ſing, and play;
Away with all ſorrow
For joy comes to-morrow.

COLLETTE.

Nor ſong, nor dance, nor joking,
Can make me gay;
Antonio—how provoking—
Is far away.

CHORUS.

Come, Collette, ſing and play,
For to-morrow's the day;
Yes, to-morrow you know,
To old Mathew's we go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, ſing, and play;
Away with all ſorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.

OLD MATHEW.

I am happy, I ſwear,
My Dorcas, my dear,
To think that to-morrow is our wedding-day.

DORCAS.

Tho' were ſixty years old,
Let the young ones behold,
Our age, like our youth, is contented and gay.

CHORUS.

Come ſing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come ſing, come dance,
Old Mathew's wedding day.
Yes, to-morrow you know,
To his houſe we ſhall go.

To drink and be gay,
To dance, ſing, and play;
Away with all ſorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.

SONG.—ANTONIO.

The merry dance I dearly love,
For then Collette thy hand I ſeize,
And preſs it too whene'er I pleaſe,
And none can ſee, and none reprove:
Then on thy cheek quick bluſhes glow,
And then we whiſper ſoft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

II.

She's ſweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet ſtill we are too young, they ſay,
But we know better, ſure, than they,
Youth ſhould not liſten to threeſcore;
And I'm reſolv'd to tell her ſo,
When next we whiſper ſoft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

SONG.—MATILDA.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithleſs world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapleſs lot.
I alone of all remain
To unbind thy cruel chain,
By the faithleſs world forgot;
I, whoſe boſom ſunk in grief,
Leaſt have ſtrength to yield relief.

Deluſive glory! faithleſs pow'r!
Thus the valiant you repay,
In diſaſters heavy hour,
Faithleſs friendſhip's far away.
Yet, royal youth,
One faithful heart,
From tendereſt truth,
Tho' hopeleſs, never ſhall depart.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithleſs world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapleſs lot.

QUARTETTO.

MATILDA, GUILLOT, SIR OWEN, AND LAURETTE.

SIR OWEN.

What care I for the Governor!

MATILDA.

Oh! ſhould it be this Governor.

GUILLOT.

He ſent me, I knew no better,
——————with the letter.

SIR OWEN.

My daughter liſten to his art,
What my Laurette
So fat forget
The modeſt virgin's duteous part.
——And thou—I pray,
Good knave, ſhall I the poſtage pay?

GUILLOT.

No, Sir, indeed,
There is no need,
I'm gone with ſpeed.

SIR OWEN.

Pray tell your Governor,
His hopes are vain
Laurette to gain.
His Lordſhip is by far too good,
And I would thank him if I cou'd.

MATILDA.

If of this caſtle he ſhould be
The Governor—what joy for me.

GUILLOT.

Yet he's my Lord the Governor.

SIR OWEN.

What's he to me, your Governor;
Begone, I ſay,
You'd beſt not ſtay;
And you, if ever I diſcover—
You lend an ear
To this deſigning lover,
Then, then you ſhall have cauſe to fear.

MATILDA.

Ah! ſhould it be, what joy for me.
Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray,
Your anger ceaſe,
Keep, keep the peace.

LAURETTE.

What can this be,
I never ſee
The Governor.

MATILDA.

Ah! ſhould it be this Governor,
Ah! ſhould it be, what joy for me.
Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray.
Your anger ceaſe,
Keep, keep the peace, &c.

SONG.

SONG.—LAURETTE.

Oh! would the night my bluſhes hide,
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.
Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
When e'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begin to beat,
It beats and trembles too.

But when my hand he gently preſſes,
A ſtruggling ſigh, I fear, confeſſes,
Ah! more than bluſhes cou'd impart,
And more than words betrays my heart.

Oh! wou'd the night my bluſhes hide,
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.
Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
When e'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats and trembles too.

AIR.—MATILDA AND LAURETTE.

MATILDA.

The god of love a bandeau wears,
Wou'd you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded;
Tis to ſhew us that his power
Is ne'er ſo fatal, ne'er ſo ſure,
As when in darkneſs ſhrouded,

LAURETTE.

Good Sir, repeat that pretty ſtrain,
Pray again, again.
A leſſon kind it doth impart,
To guard againſt a lover's art.

MATILDA.

With all my heart.

The god of love a bandeau wears,
Wou'd you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded;
'Tis to ſhew you that his pow'r
Is ne'er ſo fatal, ne'er ſo ſure,
As when in darkneſs ſhrouded.

SONG.—SIR OWEN.

I.

Let the Sultan Saladin
Play the rake in Paleſtine,
While he claims his ſubjects duty,
He's himſelf a ſlave to beauty,
Wearing baſer chains than they.
Well! well!
Every man muſt have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

CHORUS.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

II.

Cœur de Lion loves the wars,
Richard's joy is blows and ſcars;
Conquer'd Pagans fly before him,
Chriſtian warriors all adore him,
Watching, marching night and day.
Well! well!
Every man muſt have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

CHORUS.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

III.

You too, pilgrims, love your trade,
You recruit the bold cruſade,
Making zealots croſs the ocean,
In a fit of fierce devotion;
Pilgrims love to faſt and pray.
Well! well!
Every man muſt have his way.
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

CHORUS.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

MATILDA.

ONE night in ſickneſs lying,
A prey to grief and pain,
When aid of man was vain,
And hope and life were flying,
Then came my miſtreſs to my bed,
And death and pain and ſorrow fled.

RICHARD.

The gentle tears ſoft falling
Of her whom I adore,
My tender hopes recalling,
Did life and love reſtore.

MATILDA.

A mighty king doth languiſh,
Within a priſon's gloom;
Ah! could I ſhare his doom,
Ah! could I ſoothe his anguiſh.

RICHARD.

Could I but view Matilda's eyes,
Fortune, thy frowns I ſhould deſpiſe.

TOGETHER.

RICHARD.	MATILDA.
The gentle tears ſoft falling	My gentle tears faſt falling,
Of her ſo long ador'd,	For him ſo long ador'd,
My tender hopes recalling,	His tender hopes recalling,
Have life and love reſtor'd.	Have liſe and love reſtor'd

DUO AND CHORUS.

MATILDA, GUARDS, &c.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

Speak quickly, quickly, who art thou?
Who ſent thee here? Whence come, and how?

MATILDA.

Are you ſtrangers paſſing near,
Pleas'd, perhaps, my ſong to hear?

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

To priſon ſtraight; to priſon ſtraight,
There he may ſing early and late.

MATILDA.

Ah, good Sir, no anger pray,
With pity hear what I've to ſay!
The Saracens, ſo fierce in fight,
Have depriv'd me of my ſight,
And ſhut me from the bleſſed light.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

'Tis well for thee,
For could'ſt thou ſee,
Thou ſhould'ſt die by our decree.

MATILDA.

I know not what this anger's for,
I've buſineſs with the Governor;
'Tis of moment you will ſee,
And he ſhould know it inſtantly.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

You know not what our anger's for,
And wou'd ſpeak with the Governor?

MATILDA.

'Tis of moment, you will ſee,
And he ſhould know it inſtantly.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

Well you ſhall ſee the Governor,
He'll tell you what our anger's for;
But ſince your buſineſs is of weight,
We'll ſuſpend a while your fate.
Hark!—he comes, the Governor;
And now take heed, take heed, pert youth,
To tell the truth;
For if you lie,
If you lie to the Governor,
Your fate is fix'd, you ſurely die.

DIALOGUE and CHORUS.

MATILDA.

Sir, to blame me is moſt hard,
For the noiſe, pray blame the guard.

FLORESTAN.

They ſhould not ſend ſuch fooliſh boys,
For ſuch a meſſage—Such a noiſe.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

Silence fellow, and begone,
'Twas you alarm'd the garriſon.

ANTONIO.

Ah! good Sir, forgive him pray,
Ah! hear with pity what I ſay;
The Saracens ſo fierce in fight,
Have deprived him of his ſight,
And ſhut him from the bleſſed light.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

'Tis well for thee,
For could'ſt thou ſee,
Thou hadſt died by our decree.
So haſte away,
Begone I ſay,
And if again we catch you here,
Be aſſur'd 'twill coſt you dear.

MATILDA.

Sirs, I believe ye,
Nor will deceive ye,
Never more will I appear,
Never more offend you here.

ANTONIO.

In truth if here
He does appear,
It ſhall be
Without me.

END OF ACT II.

ACT

ACT III.

SONG.—JULIE.

I.

LET me, gentle pilgrim, entreat you'll comply,
I'm ſure by your looks you cannot long deny;
Kind Sir we beg you'll deign to ſtay,
To hail with glee our wedding day:
All on the green, with garlands freſh and fair,
Oh! what delight, wou'd you our paſtimes ſhare.
With dance and ſong
We'll join the throng
And baniſh every care;
For ſuch a theme,
Tho' young I ſeem,
Yet ſing I may one tender lay.
Oh! Love! O! gentleſt pow'r,
Smile on the wedding hour.

II.

You ſee, my dear father, tho' young I can pleaſe,
The pilgrim will ſtay, I have won him with eaſe:
Yes, yes, I'm ſure he can't ſay nay,
We all ſhall keep this holyday;
Then on the green, your pleaſure to enhance,
If you but think to Julie to advance,
Although not yet
Tall as Laurette,
I think you'll own I can dance.

With

With ſprightly ſtep
I'll bound, I'll leap,
And ſing all day
That happy lay,
Oh! Love! O! gentle pow'r,
Smile on the wedding hour.

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

MATILDA.

Yes, Cavaliers, yon caſtle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

CAVALIERS.

Strange the tidings that you bring,
Great Richard—England's mighty King!

MATILDA.

Yes, Cavaliers, yon caſtle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

CAVALIERS.

Can it be what you relate?
Who explor'd the monarch's fate?

MATILDA.

'Twas I, with ſong and veiled eyes,
Approach'd the walls in ſafe diſguiſe;
His voice I heard—Ah! doubt ye yet?
And cou'd my heart that voice forget.
No, Cavaliers, yon caſtle drear,
King Richard is a pris'ner there.

But long a pris'ner ſhall he be,
Whom love and valour join to free?

CAVALIERS.

Not long a pris'ner ſhall he be,
Let us arm;
Here we ſwear to ſet him free,
Give th' alarm!

BLONDEL.

Haſte is vain,
'Tis prudence muſt his freedom gain;
Prudence muſt your rage reſtrain.

CAVALIERS.

Let us arm,

MATILDA.

Blondel, check the raſh alarm.
What ſhou'd be done, oh, quickly tell;
Cavaliers, oh liſten to Blondel.

CAVALIERS.

Blondel! Blondel! it is Blondel.

MATILDA.

Yes, Cavaliers, it is Blondel,
The friend of Richard—mark him well.

BLONDEL.

Let our deeds our friendſhip tell
In the battle—mark Blondel.

CAVALIERS.

Let us arm, &c. &c.

TRIO.

MATILDA, LAURETTE, and SIR OWEN.

MATILDA.

Yes, yes, Floreſtan will be here,
After the dance he will appear.

LAURETTE.

Oh! what delight, what joy 'twill be;
Sure he'll find means to ſpeak to me.

MATILDA.

We no ſecrets have, good Knight,
I am ſaying that my ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light.

LAURETTE.

Yes, my father, very true,
We no ſecrets have from you,
The youth's well bred and honeſt too.

SIR OWEN.

I'm ſure you have no myſtery,
Pray talk on, and don't mind me.

LAURETTE.

But does he know how well I love,
And does he ſwear he'll conſtant prove?

MATILDA.

Had you but ſeen the generous youth,
He knelt and vow'd eternal truth.

LAURETTE.

———Kneel and vow,
Ah! he'll be true, I'm happy now.

SIR OWEN.

What, he tells thee that his ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light?

LAURETTE.

Yes, my father, very true,
We no ſecrets have from you:
He is ſaying that his ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light.

MATILDA.

We no ſecrets have, good Knight;
I am ſaying that my ſight
Is again reſtored to light.

SIR OWEN.

What he tells me, &c. &c. &c.

LAURETTE.

Yes, my father, &c. &c.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy till they're pair'd,
Nothing's joy that is not ſhar'd.

PEASANT.

When alone the maid ſits pining,
Nature's beauties ſeem declining,
Nothing can afford delight;
But the favour'd youth appearing,
With his preſence all things chearing,
Flowers how ſweet—the ſun how bright.

CHORUS.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy till they're pair'd,
Nothing's joy that is not ſhar'd.

ANTONIO.

O'er the ſultry mountain ranging,
Shade and paſture ever changing,
Soon I tire my flock to tend;
But if chance Collette addreſs me,
Toil and heat no more oppreſs me,
Soon, too ſoon my labours end.

CHORUS.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy, &c. &c.

CHORUS OF CAVALIERS.

Vain defiance, ſtrive no more,
Yield our King—our chief reſtore;
Vain reſiſtance—fate's decree
Sets impriſon'd Richard free.

FLORESTAN.

Threats he fears not, who is juſt
To his honour, to his truſt.

FINALE.

Oh! bleſt event!—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we ſing;
Oh! may they with reſiſtleſs pow'r,
Protect the bleſſings which they bring.
Faithful lovers baniſh fear,
Our delight, our triumph ſhare.

CHORUS.

Faithful lovers, &c. &c.

TRIO.

MATILDA, LAURETTE, AND BLONDEL.

No more ſhall doubt or ſorrow
Diſturb my anxious breaſt,
The ſun that gilds to-morrow,
At length beholds me bleſt.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Oh! bleſt event!—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we ſing;
Oh! may they with reſiſtleſs power,
Protect the bleſſings which they bring!

FINIS.